THE Holiday-Ramble:

OR,

A Walk to *Pancridge.*

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1703.

THE Holiday Ramble.

IN the Holiday time when thoſe Evils betide,
That Int'reſt and Buſineſs are quite laid aſide,
And People betake to their Pleaſure and Pride.
When Women and Men are as Gay as the Weather,
And Ramble promiſcuouſly jumbled together;
When Spouſe and his Family amble abroad,
And ev'ry Hind does ſhake off his dull Load:
When Miſs and Gallant to the Wells do retire
To quench the remains of an Amorous Fir
When Citizens Prentices (ſkill'd in thoſ
Do ramble abroad with their Wives and their Daugh
When *Roger* and *Kate* do their liberty take,
And ſeal up the Match o'er a Pot and a Cake;
When *Bully* and *Punk* from their Manſions repair,
And Solace themſelves on their Food, *the freſh Air*.
When Garrets grow empty, and Ale-houſes fill,
And ev'ry Wretch may be Wicked that will;
When Cheeſcakes and Cuſtards do ſuffer as much
As at *Vigo* the *French*, by the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*,

In

a Morning as Gay as e'er *Phœbus* aroſe,
hen Nature and Spring did their Graces diſcloſe,
ſhook off dull Sleep, and as vain as the reſt,
hought ev'ry Minute an Age to be dreſt,
hich to ſuit with the Day, was as Fine as I cou'd;
hus Equip'd to the Faſhion, I rambl'd abroad;
ut judging that ſeldom the Morning e're yields
uch Diverſion in Town, I rambled the Fields;
o *Tottenham*-Court I directed my way,
here a Mob were confuſedly gotten to play
t Shovel-board, Nine-pins, and ſuch kind of ſport,
hile ſome did to Bowls, and to Billiards reſort.
ntentively I did their Paſtimes ſurvey,
nd made my Remarks what each Wittal did ſay:
me follow'd their Games while their Trollops ſat by,
o devour the Loſings, and make up the Cry,
ho call'd for the Drink in ſo faſt for the Games,
ou'd have ſworn they'd have drunk up the River of Thames:
hile the Chity-fac'd Offspring, all Dirty and Snot,
uſt drink to be quiet, and peuk in the Pot:
me Men too (no doubt) that live Comfortable Lives,
r quietneſs ſake, were at play with their Wives.

From thence I adjourn'd to a Neighbouring yard,
hat was viſibly Grac'd by Her Majeſty's Guard,
nean of the Foot; with each Hero a Trull,
ſuch kind of Cattel each Arbour was full:

Having taken a view, I went into the House,
Where I found an old Taylor at Wars with his Spouse
And at length by Remarks, in't I smoak'd the Disaster,
The Journey-man found her more kind than the Master.
Here all to be short, was Confusion and Noise,
Of a medly of *Wenches*, old *People* and *Boys*,
Some treating their *Spouses*, some treating their *Whores*,
Some calling afresh, and some paying their Scores:
Crab Syder and Cheesecakes were brought in apace,
And Gammon and Custard were swallow'd with Grace:
I call'd for a Bottle, and mark'd one that sat
At an opposite Board, very warm on his Mate;
I heard the appointment, and follow'd them out
At a distance, till tracing the Field round about;
A Conveniency offer'd, and Miss was laid down,
Having finish'd the matter, they trudg'd t'ward Town.

Then taking the Path that directed that way,
To *Pancrass* I went, (or I *Epsom*) might say,
A Place (let me tell ye) of all in the Nation
For *Waters* and *Whores*, of as much Reputation:
If to guide any Stranger more readily to't,
The Fiddles and Furbelows soonest will do't;
I mean, if a Man shou'd come any thing near,
And will but be rul'd by his Eye or his Ear,
The one, or the other he'll see, or he'll hear:
By this kind of Guidance I thither was led,
But most by the sight of a Furbelow'd Jade,

That Grac'd the Aſcent; for to tell ye no Tale,
Ye might ſee her as far as a Ship under Sail:
Being come to the Place, I was met at the Doors
By a Reverend Bawd, with Two Termagant *Whores*,
That rail'd at the Place, (which Faith) made me ſtare,
To hear them ſay *Nothing but Sharpers came there*:
I ogled the Jades with the beſt Eyes I had,
And immediately thought 't muſt be damnable bad;
For by *Miſſes*'s complaining, it plainly appears,
That *Rakes* are in plenty, and *Cully*'s more ſcarce.
So in I preſum'd to be going, (but ſtay)
One told me, That 'twas firſt the cuſtom to pay:
I ask'd her Demands, (which being no more
Than Three pence) I gave it; Miſs open'd the Door,
And gave me Admittance; where gazing around,
What I'd heard of the Place, by experience I found.

Here a Strumpet that of't had been puniſh'd by Fate,
And Bolus, and Pill, were grown Nauſeous of late,
Was drinking the *Waters*, in hopes of a Cure;
Another Sage Punk that look'd very Demure,
By the Hitch in her pace, it appear'd pretty plain,
She was cooling her A——ſe to get rid of her Pain.

A third that might be Mrs. *Bawd*, I ſuppoſe,
With a furious red Face (I can't ſay red Noſe;)
For viewing her nearer, I'd cauſe to depend on't,
Her Ladyſhip's youth had diſpos'd of the end on't.

Another

Another Old Lady with ſcarce e'er a Tooth,
VVas Plaguing her B——ch for the Sins of her Youth
VVhoſe Head with old Pains, went as faſt her Mouth,
Imploring a Bleſſing might be in the *Water*,
She Pray'd once an Hour, and Sh—t once a Quarter.

In came a ſpruce *Cit* in his Holiday dreſs,
VVith his Blouſe in his Hand, and the Fool in his Face,
VVho hearing the noiſe of the Fiddles begin,
Prepar'd for a Dance; and I follow'd them in:
I pitch't on a Partner, who ſoon acquieſt,
Thus lovingly coupled, we join'd with the reſt;
But Miſs, to be plain, e'er the Dance was compleat,
Having ambled her ſelf to a wonderous heat,
In a violent haſt ſhe retir'd to Sh——t.
I pick'd up another as pliant as ſhe;
Having ended our Dance, ſhe began to be free,
And told me in ſhort, That I hugely ſhou'd win her,
If after our Dancing I'd give her a Dinner;
I reſolv'd that what e'er for the Frolick I paid,
I'd for once be a Cully, and humour the Jade;
So in I convey'd her, and call'd for a Room,
VVhere ſoon Mrs. *Cook* had her orders to come,
VVho apply'd to my Harlot, to know what ſhe'd Eat,
And what kind of Sawce ſhe would have to her Meat:
Miſs knowing her Stomach as ſharp as her Trade,
Said, She'd take what was ready, ne'er trouble her head,
And order'd the Cloath to be preſently laid;

VVhere

Where I think to the tune of a Crown, we did Dine
On a rib of Salt Pork, and a Glass of Scum'd Wine;
Miss every day not frequenting to eat,
So voraciously, prov'd something Sick with her Meat,
And seem'd to be fainting away with the Pain,
Till a Dram and a Custard had fetch'd her again:
Thus being regal'd with a Flask and a Bit,
I took her aside in the Amorous fit,
For what I shan't say, yet to tell ye my luck,
I found something else, but the Devil a Smock;
A Cheat she had on that came up to her Shoulders,
Which gracefully look'd to her smitten Beholders;
Her Tatters hung loose, and to make up the Dress,
Her *Furbelow'd* Scarf was more patch'd than her *Face*:
Miss wheadled for something she could not obtain,
And finding she idled her Minutes in vain,
Gave me thanks, and return'd to her Dancing again.

Thus freed from my Harlot, I made no delay
To finish my Ramble, and sum up the Day,
In order to which, going out of the Door,
I spy'd an old *Rabbi* just ambling before,
That seduc'd by the Flesh, was engag'd with a *W—re*,
And thinking th' Intrigue would avail for the time,
I follow'd the Saint where the Devil led him,
To a Cave of *Sodom*, erected for Sin,
Where he tip'd her the Wink, and she follow'd him in;

I waited a while, being curious to see
What the upſhut of ſuch an odd matter could be,
But his *Worſhips* long Grace was too tedious for me,
So I ſallied along, till juſt looking behind,
I ſpy'd two young Harlots come tripping like Wind,
Being heated before, and to Scandal inclin'd;
I ſtopp'd and engage them; a Quarrel begun,
And we held open *War* till we came to the Town;
I Rallied their Ladyſhips, calling ſo long,
Till the one of them Cry'd, and the other ſhe Swore,
Then leaving the Strumpets, I met with a Friend,
And ſo o'er a Bottle my Ramble did end.

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